

Pink Floyd - Dogs

Tom: Bb
Intro: Dm7 Eb7 A Bb7

Dm7
You got to be crazy, you gotta have a real need
Eb7
Gotta sleep on your toes and when you're on the street
A
You got to be able to pick out the easy meat with your eyes closed

Bb7
Then moving in silently downwind and out of sight
Dm7
You gotta strike when the moment is right without thinking
Eb7
And after a while you can work on points of style

Like the club tie and the firm handshake
A certain look in the eye and an easy smile
A
You have to be trusted by the people that you lie to
Bb7
So that when they turn their backs on you

You'll get the chance to put the knife in

Solo 1: Dm7 Eb7 A Bb7

Solo 1:

Dm7
You've gotta keep one eye looking over your shoulder
Eb7
You know it's gonna get harder, harder and harder as you get older

A
Bb7
And in the end you'll pack up and fly down south, hide your head in the sand

Dm7
Just another sad old man, all alone and dying of cancer
(Eb7 A Bb7 Dm)

(C Dm C Dm C Bb F Eb F Eb (Dm Dm7 8X) (Bb Bbm BIS) A A A F Em)

Solo: (D Dm7 8X) (Bb Bbm 4X) (Dm Dm7 4X) (Bb Bbm BIS)
A A F Em

Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7
And when you lose control you'll reap the harvest
you have sown
Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7 Dm
Bb A A7 F Em

And as the fear grows the bad blood slows and turns to stone

Dm Dm7 Dm7 Dm Dm7
Dm Dm7 Dm Dm7
And it's too late to lose the weight you used to need to throw around

Bb Bbm Bb Bbm A A
So have a good drown as you go down all alone
F Em Dm
Dragged down by the stone

(Keyboard goes on through the INTRO chords)

Dm7
Gotta admit that I'm a little bit confused
Eb7

Sometimes it seems to me as if I'm just being used
A
Gotta stay awake, gotta try and shake off this creeping malaise

Bb7
If I don't stand my own ground how can I find my way out of this maze

Dm7
Deaf, dumb and blind you just keep on pretending

Eb7
That everyone's expendable and no one has a real friend

A
And it seems to you the thing to do would be to isolate the winner

Bb7
And everything's done under the sun

And you believe at heart everyone's a killer

(Eb7 A Bb7 Dm)

Solo: C Dm C Dm C Bb F Eb F Eb Dm

F C Dm C
Who was born in a house full of pain

F C Dm C
Who was trained not to spit in the fan

F C Dm C
Who was told what to do by the man

F C Dm C
Who was broken by trained personnel

F C Dm C
Who was fitted with collar and chain

F C Dm C
Who was given a pat on the back

F C Dm C
Who was breaking away from the pack

F C Dm C
Who was only a stranger at home

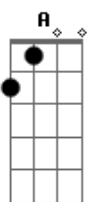
F C Dm C
Who was ground down in the end

F C Bb A
Who was found dead on the phone

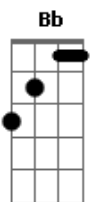
F Em Dm Dm7
Who was dragged down by the stone

Who was dragged down by the stone

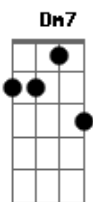
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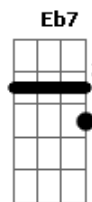
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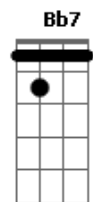
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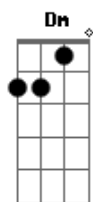
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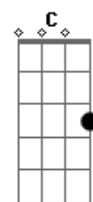
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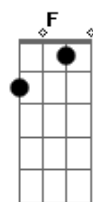
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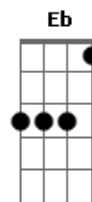
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